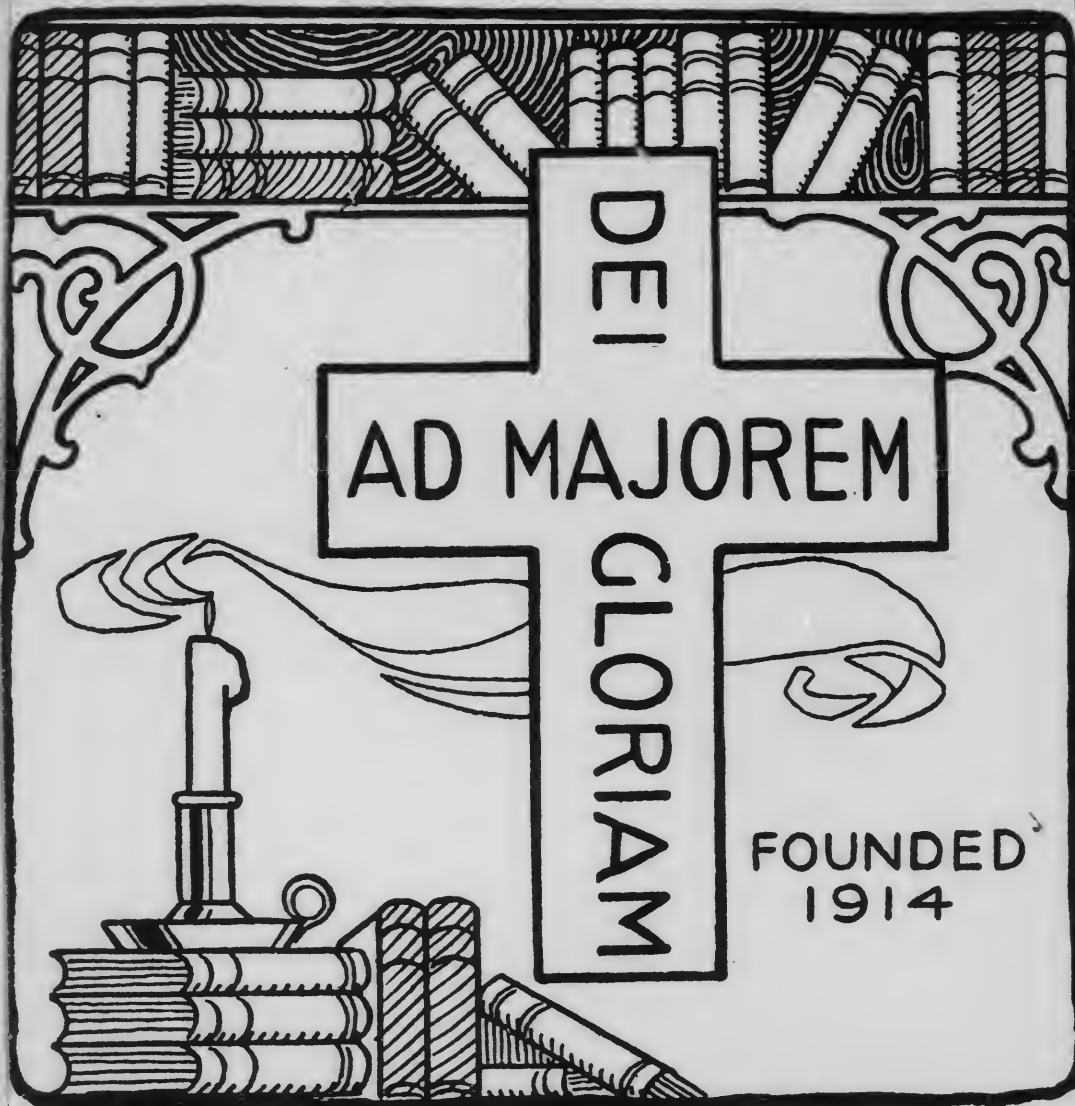


THE
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THE STRANGERS' FRIEND:

A SKETCH

OF THE LIFE OF

MR. HENRY TYLER

(SIXTY YEARS A METHODIST).

BY

PHILIP PARKER.

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THE STRANGER'S FRIEND.

CHAPTER I.

THE RAYLEIGH COACH.—THE FAVOURED PASSENGER.—
“MY BROTHER'S SMILE.”

ON a bright May afternoon, about the year 1796, the “*Tally-ho*” stage-coach rattled in to the Bull Inn yard, Whitechapel, and the passengers began to alight—the *box* and the *dicky* outsiders, and the stately insiders also. But there was one insider who had not paid any fare—in fact he had been favoured by the coachman with a place in the “boot.” He turned out of his narrow quarters to the wide waste of London with the mighty sum of FOURPENCE. However, his heart was as light as his purse, for the lad of thirteen years of age saw something which we suppose was more ludicrous than his own descent from the “boot,” for it caused a smile to gather upon his face, and called forth the exclamation from one of the bystanders, “That’s my brother John’s smile, I know.”

This was certainly curious, for this female’s brother John had been sleeping in his grave for several years. And yet the aunt recog-

nises her nephew, the boy from the "boot," because he had the peculiar smile of her late brother.

There are in families distinctive features, distinctive speech, &c., but this family smile as a distinct mark of family likeness is something new. It was sufficient, however, in this case for the aunt to identify her brother John's son.

We have now before us in the "Bull Inn yard," just emerged from the "boot," the runaway parish boy "HENRY TYLER." He has a small bundle, containing a pair of stockings and a shirt, and fourpence in his pocket to begin life with in the great wilderness of London.

CHAPTER II.

HENRY'S BIRTH.—THE SPIRIT IN THE CHURCH.—THE LONDON FIRE.

HENRY TYLER was born at Rayleigh, in Essex, July 1783. He was the youngest of four children. His father died when he was about three years old. He was, of course, too young to remember much about that father. But his death appears to have had a most serious effect upon an older sister, who, we are informed, felt the stroke so

sensibly that she never rallied after, but sat and rocked herself in her little chair, and cried, "My daddy's dead—my daddy's dead!" So intense, indeed, was this little child's grief that it completely dried up the springs of life, and she literally died soon after with a broken heart, and followed the object of her young heart's love to the grave.

We have our own idea of biography—whether right or wrong is another matter. Hence, in this sketch of Henry Tyler we shall introduce several incidents, not merely as being interesting but as, we think, illustrative of character. For instance, here are two in Henry's earliest days—the one left its mark upon him, which he carried to his grave; the other shows how soon children may be lost in London.

Mrs. Tyler lived in a house adjoining the churchyard. One Sunday afternoon the church being open for service, young Henry was present, and finding a soft cushion in one of the high-backed pews, made a bed of it, and the service being so soothing, he went off to sleep. The service ended after a time—not so Henry's sleep. The congregation withdrew, and the church doors were locked, no one noticing the young sleeper. By and by he woke up, and found to his terror that he was alone in the dreadful church, and that he could not get out. He climbed up to a window, and dashed his little hand into the diamond-shaped panes of glass, cutting it

so fearfully, that the marks were visible to the day of his death. Some boys who were playing in the churchyard under the window, hearing a voice above, and seeing a face, cried out, "There's a spirit in the church!" and scampered off to spread the news "that there was a spirit in the church, and that they had seen it!" Henry's mother hearing this, rightly judged that it was not a spirit merely, but flesh and blood, in the shape of her missing boy. The keys of the church were procured, and the spirit for this time was safely laid. In fact, the little fellow's bleeding hand told that he, at any rate, was flesh and blood.

Shortly after this event, Henry and his elder brother were invited by their aunt in London, to pay her a visit. She was living at the time at the entrance to the Grange Road, South London. During the evening a fire broke out in the Paragon, Kent Road. The two brothers were off as a matter of course. A real fire, and not a mere bonfire, was not often seen in the country, and the chance of seeing a house on fire was not to be thrown away. The brothers kept together for some time, but they became separated in the crowd, and little Henry, after the excitement was over, strolled into the Borough; and, as he could tell nothing of the whereabouts of his aunt's house, he was taken charge of for the night by some kind friend in that locality. Great was the consternation at

Grange Road, and the bellman being sent round in the morning, the little wanderer was restored to his deeply distressed aunt.

CHAPTER III.

HENRY'S MOTHER MARRIES THE SECOND TIME.—THE STEPFATHER TAKEN UP FOR DEBT —HIS CONCEALMENT AND ESCAPE.—HENRY A TRADER.—THE HIDDEN TREASURE.—THE LOAF OF BREAD.—THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

HENRY's mother remained some little time a widow, and then married the second time—Thomas Unwin. Whatever her first union was, the second proved a most unhappy one. Thomas Unwin loved the public house better than his own home. Not merely did he drink up his earnings but appears to have acted like a madman to his wife and children when under the influence of drink. Mother and children had frequently, when the husband was in this state, to fly for their lives. Many a time has young Henry ran into the church-yard to escape the violence of his stepfather.

In consequence of the father's dissipated habits everything went to wreck and ruin—debts were contracted, and he had no money to pay them. On one occasion the father was taken up, and was about to be lodged in the prison for debt. Two constables had their

prisoner in their charge, and were conveying him to the county goal in a cart. Constables are thirsty souls, and they alighted with their prisoner at a public house by the wayside. The prisoner intimated the necessity of his going backwards. Of course he must go—there was no fear of his escaping at the back of the premises, and the constables found the landlord's liquor first rate. "Why Unwin is a long time gone?" said one of the constables to his mate. The officers now go back to look after their prisoner, but he was not to be found. The back yard and stable were thoroughly searched. "Did he return to the house?" The house was searched from bottom to top. "No, he is not there." "Where can the man be got to? It was impossible for him to escape at the back." Well, there was no help for it, and the baffled constables had no other alternative than to turn their horse's head and retrace their steps back again. There is a danger you see in stopping at public houses, and taking perhaps a little too much drink.

Sometimes when people search for a thing and do not succeed in finding it, they declare that they have searched everywhere,—so with these constables. They had, they said, searched everywhere, but they had not found their prisoner. He must have been spirited away by the Evil One. Although this personage does frequently lead his followers into difficulties, it is not often, we believe, that he

helps them out of them. In this case the constables had not searched everywhere, or they would have found their man. It is true he had chosen a place of concealment into which it was not very likely they would look. This was a large heap of horse dung. He had excavated a hole in the middle of this heap, and having placed his person in it he pulled a wheelbarrow over the hole. Who, indeed, would have thought of his being in the dung heap. Then the barrow on the top of it, bottom upwards, was evidently placed there by the stable-man after he had wheeled out the dung.

Thomas Unwin was a bricklayer, and this no doubt led young Henry into that line of business. The boy had very early to make himself useful by assisting his step-father, and very early too he discovered that thrift which marked his character in after-life. Boys who assist bricklayers in the country have an opportunity of collecting brick-dust, and selling it to the neighbours for a few pence. Young Henry began to trade at odd times in this way. It is true his trading transactions were not on a large scale : the sight of silver never gladdened the young tradesman's eyes ; but he took great care of the pence which he thus honestly acquired. The treasure-box where he deposited his hard earnings was no other than the small opening between the rafters and the ceiling, to which he had access from his

little sleeping garret. Neither mother, father, nor any of the family, knew of this hidden treasure, and every penny young Henry got was safely deposited there.

It has been said, "murder will out." So with Henry's secret hoard. He, for some purpose or other, went one evening to collect his treasure and take it away. But as he jumped from his elevation, so did the coppers jump from his pocket, and began to clatter down the stairs with no little noise—bringing his mother to see what was the matter. And, lo and behold! there was her son Henry with his secret treasure, which was now exposed to view, and running right and left. "Ho! ho! this is it, is it, my boy?" exclaimed the mother. Henry was in a terrible dilemma. The secret which he had so carefully guarded was out, and his collected treasure scattered in every direction. The poor fellow was thoroughly chagrined and mortified.

The organ of acquisitiveness is more fully developed in some characters than in others. This is all very well when it is restrained by other qualities, but when the restraining influence is weakened it will generally degenerate into theft. Our Henry evidently had the acquisitive development, and the two following incidents will illustrate this.

A certain number of poor persons had given to them weekly a loaf of bread. The parties thus entitled attended the Sunday-afternoon service in the church for to take

their loaves. These loaves appear to have been placed upon a stand, and each person passed on and took a loaf. Henry watched the operation, and according to the process of reasoning in his own mind that if a loaf of bread could be had for the trouble of taking it away, he could not do better than secure one at the same price. Accordingly he moved on, took one unchallenged, and bore it home in triumph. But when the last of the legal claimants came forward, it was found that there was a loaf short. Henry's mother when she found out how matters were, restored the loaf, or an equivalent, to the right owner.

There is a temptation to which country boys are liable, which few can successfully resist. In fact there seems to be something in yielding to it which stamps the perpetrator as a hero. Our young friend could not behold his neighbour's fine apples without a longing to abstract some. But still he hesitated. It was fruit to be desired, and he inquired of the owner's young daughter if he could not go and get some. The young lady said he might. Thus authorized, he proceeded to the task, but doubting still if the *bona fide* owner would be of the same mind as his little daughter, should he catch him at the work. However, to work he went, and tying his handkerchief round his waist, and drawing out his shirt, he thus formed a bag wherein to deposit his spoil. Henry

having loaded himself, was about to leave the field, when, lo and behold ! the real proprietor himself appears : “ Halloa there, you boy, what are you about ? ” This is enough for our hero : down he jumps from the tree, and out jump the apples. He clears the hedge at the back of the orchard with a bound, plumps into a ditch on the other side, and scrambles out of that ; the apples of course rolling about the orchard, sticking in the hedge, or sinking into the mud in the ditch. It was a most ignoble ending of his heroic adventure. It taught him a lesson which he did not forget. He never attempted to rob orchards after this. The proprietor, after all, does not appear to have taken a very serious view of the matter, for he laughed heartily to witness the apples scattered in every direction, and the boy’s terrific anxiety to get out of his clutches.

CHAPTER IV.

DEATH OF THE MOTHER — HENRY IN THE WORKHOUSE.
— HENRY A BUTCHER’S BOY. — FAREWELL TO RAY-
LEIGH. — THE HORSEMAN. — “ THE BIG LIE. ” — THE RAY-
LEIGH COACH. — THE BOOT.

It was hard times for the mother with her dissipated husband. It was hard times also for the children : often had they to bite short. This all told upon the mother’s health, who, when Henry was about ten years of age,

followed her first husband to the grave, and her boy was left to the tender mercies of a stepfather. He, when the wife was dead, could no longer keep a house over his head, and Henry found a home in the parish workhouse.

The stepfather left that part of the country, and the poor wanderer, it is hoped, found at last rest in Abraham's bosom. It is rather strange that he had a presentiment, that if he went to London he should take the small-pox and die; and it really took place as he feared,—he went up to London, took the disease, and died.

A boy of ten or twelve years of age, and of active habits, could not be kept idle in the poorhouse, and our Henry was placed with a butcher in his native village. Some year or two he was the butcher's boy, but he found the employment and the usage anything but congenial to his taste, and he evidently cherished the design to elope. This design, although he did not intend it to get abroad, did become known to some of his friends; as did also the destination he intended to take.

Early in the twilight of a May morning, there is a young lad stealing quietly from the back part of the house. He has a small bundle in his hand, and eightpence in his pocket. It is evident from his countenance that his conscience does not quite approve of the step he is taking. He walks away from

that house towards the London road, and he really looks as though he feared pursuit. But the die is cast; his back is turned on his native village. It is "farewell to Rayleigh."

The fugitive takes the London road; and now he has placed three miles betwixt him and his village home, when, lo! he hears a horseman behind him. "Ah! there they are in pursuit; what am I to do? I must hide my bundle." No sooner said than done, and the bundle is concealed in a dry ditch by the roadside; for to be caught with a shirt and stockings will look suspicious,—and the alarmed boy walks on. The horseman gains on him, and when he comes up Henry recognises one of his late master's customers, who calls out:—

"Halloa, boy! where are you going to?"

The bare truth would have been anything but convenient to our runaway just then, and to use his own words (for he frequently gave us this portion of his history)—"I told him a *big lie*, for I said.—'I am going to the Shepherd and Dog,' sir."

"Ah! what are you going there for?"

"Some cloths for my master, in which he sent some meat to London."

"Oh!"

And his interrogator rode on.

Now it does not appear that these answers were at all premeditated, but they rose up for the occasion, and seem to have been quite effectual, so as to have warded off all suspi-

cion. The "Shepherd and Dog" was a public-house on the London road, and this gentleman knew that the village butcher did kill occasionally and send up to London, so that it was very feasible that the boy was going for the cloths in which the meat had been sent.

"I was terribly frightened, though," our friend has often said to us. It is quite clear also that the "big lie" did not sit easy on his conscience—thus proving that the lad, after all, had a natural love of truth. And forty years' acquaintance with our subject has never falsified this feature of his character; for Henry Tyler, of all men we have known, was thoroughly distinguished by his simplicity, uprightness, and truth.

But these two falsehoods. Can they be justified, or even excused? No; nor the running away from his master. But let us not condemn the boy harshly; and, unless any of us have been placed in similar circumstances, we cannot tell what we should have done.

The horseman having passed out of sight, and the boy's object being undetected, he stole back again to the ditch, and recovered his small bundle; and with his scanty wardrobe, our runaway was once more upon his road. Having walked several miles, and the cravings of hunger requiring to be met, our pedestrian went into a public house on the road side, and fourpence from the eightpence he had in

his pocket was expended for a breakfast ; and he again started out on his weary walk.

About ten o'clock our foot-traveller was overtaken by the London coach. Of course he would look wistfully to the coachman ; a look which a genial old Jarvy would at once understand.

“ Halloa, my boy, would you like a ride ? ”

Certainly he would ; what boy would not, we should like to know.

“ Well, get up, we can clap you in the boot ; you will add little to our weight, and nothing to our room. ”

Well done, coachey, this was kindly of you at any rate. We could almost wish that these revolutionary rail-roads had left you alone.

Our friend has said that he thought it was a capital thing that he was put into the boot, as he was still harrassed by the fear that some one might be in pursuit, or the coach might be met by the returning horseman, or some one who knew him, might see him were he on the top of the coach ; but in the boot he would be hidden from all prying eyes. In this dignified position did our hero proceed, until he alighted in the Bull Inn yard, Whitechapel, as related in our opening chapter.

CHAPTER V.

HENRY AT AUNT GREEN'S. — UNCLE GREEN. — HENRY
JOINS SOCIETY. — WHAT IS SIN? — AWAKENING. —
BECOMES A WANDERER.

YOUNG HENRY was taken home by aunt Green, who lived in Snowsfield, Southwark. The good lady made hat-boxes, and a little bed was made up for Henry under her work board. She was a member of the Methodist society at Crosby Row Chapel.

The husband of Aunt Green was decidedly a genius—a poetic genius, too. We have a manuscript lying before us, which evidently shows that Uncle Green's poetic powers are not to be despised. From what Henry has told us, the poor fellow it seems could not at all times resist the seductive influence of strong drinks. But when sobered, he would pour forth his regrets in verse, of which the following is a specimen:—

Can mercy look on me again,
Will mercy visit me,
I that have put my Lord to pain,
O, can it ever be.

Can I expect the sweet return?
Who drove him from my breast,
And now his absence deeply mourn,
And cannot be at rest.

O Lord, if mercy is with thee,
That mercy Lord impart,
And set my troubled spirit free,
And purify my heart.

They were not all mournful seasons Uncle Green had. Here we have lines on going to and returning from work, class and prayer-meetings, particular occasions, and texts of Scripture. One or two other specimens our readers may perhaps like to see:—

“ON GOING TO WORK.”

How pleasant is the rising day,
When Jesus doth his face display;
The light how pleasant it appears,
When I can find my Jesus near.

His blessed name I then can praise,
A thankful song I then can raise;
Then I go out with cheerfulness,
And Jesus doth my labor bless.

When God doth bring me home again,
Though I may feel fatigue and pain;
I lift my heart to Him above,
And thank Him for protecting love.

The above are three verses out of six : we will give two out of six more on—

“LEAVING WORK.”

When work is done and I go home,
Well pleased I am the time is come,
Make me as ready, Lord I pray,
When death shall summon me away.

Another day is gone and past,
Perhaps with me it is the last,
Before another rising Sun
I may with all things here have done.

The following on Class Meeting will be read with interest by every Methodist :—

Blessed Lord, we meet together,
To declare what Thou hast done ;
And to strengthen one another,
And to help each other on.

Dearest Jesus, meet and bless us—
Let us all Thy presence prove ;
May Thy Spirit now possess us—
Witness in our hearts Thy love.

While we join in conversation,
Let Thy Spirit guide our tongue ;
Fill our breasts with consolation—
Both the aged and the young.

While we join in prayer and praises,
May our blessed Lord come down
Let the presence of our Jesus
This our little meeting crown.

Bless these young ones now before Thee—
May they love Thy blessed ways ;
May they walk in love before Thee—
Give to Thee their youthful days.

Give them, Lord, a watchful spirit,
Keep them humble at Thy feet ;
May they all Thy grace inherit—
May we all in glory meet.

We have given Uncle Green's verses just as we found them, we did not feel at liberty to alter them. Farewell, Uncle Green. Peace be to your ashes. We like you all the better for your kind notice of the young:

“Bless these young ones now before Thee.”

We trust we shall meet in our Father's house.

Mrs. Green died a Member of our Class, March 1844, being upwards of eighty years of age. This we remember of the good lady, that she was a cheerful, grateful soul. At one of our visits to her during a long affliction, she was telling us of her mercies, and among the rest that a friend had given her "*a bumping glass of wine,*" which she seemed to think had done her a great deal of good. Teetotaler as we were, we could not spoil the pleasure she seemed to derive from the *bumping glass of wine*, by disturbing her just then with our teetotal views. On another occasion Aunt Holman (for her name had been changed to Holman) said, "Some people say God can make up the means of grace to us when we cannot attend. I must say I should like to attend the class: for whatever people may say, *I do miss the means though.*"

Henry attended the chapel with his aunt, and this was his first introduction to Methodism. His young mind was seriously impressed by the preaching, and being taken notice of by one of the leaders, he was introduced very shortly into his class.

A young convert, about the age of Henry, invited him to a lovefeast, and while there he said to Henry, "Do you know what sin is?" "So ignorant was I," Mr. Tyler has said when narrating this incident, "that I had not the least idea what sin was, and having been a butcher's boy I wondered

whether it was the sinew in the animal which I had seen." His interrogator, after leaving him to his own thoughts for some time to find out the question, asked him again, "If he had found out what sin was?"

"No," he replied, "he did not know what sin was."

His young tutor began to explain what sin was by the following illustration:—

"Now, supposing you take a piece of sugar from your mother's sugar basin; that is sin."

"Lord have mercy upon me," said the alarmed boy to himself, "if that is sin, what a great sinner I must be, for I have done ten thousand times worse than that." "And," to use Henry's own words, "I trembled from head to foot, and was in a bath of perspiration."

Singular as this circumstance may seem, it was the foundation on which his religious character was based. He never forgot the little boy's illustration of sin, and we well remember his using it to us when we first attended his class.

These early impressions, however, soon passed away and young Henry found other society and other scenes more congenial to his unrenewed nature than those at his aunt's chapel. We don't believe that he was led into very gross sin, although he has often expressed his regret when reflecting upon this period of his history. He seems to have wandered about on the Sab-

bath and neglected public worship altogether. But young as he was, his conscience was ill at ease,—he felt that he ought to have been at the chapel.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TEMPTATION. — THE FORGOTTEN SILVER. — THE VICTORY.

YOUNG HENRY was not long in London before he found employment in that business in which he had assisted his step-father previously,—viz., that of a bricklayer. He worked first for a man who lived in the “Maze,” of the name of Stillwall. He was not long with him, and then went to another master of the name of Stead.

There are turning-points sometimes in a man’s history either for weal or woe. Not unlikely the following circumstance was a turning-point in the history of young Henry. He was on one occasion busily engaged in a room, when his eye was turned to the window-ledge, and he saw a large quantity of silver lying there. “Dear me,” said he to himself, “who left that there? No doubt it was the master, he has forgotten it.” Satan and cupidity whispered, “You may as well take it, no one will know anything about it.” God’s voice and his native honesty said, “It is not your’s,—take it to the master.” These

thoughts were chasing each other through the youth's mind. But conscience and his better nature conquered, and he said, "That money is not mine, it belongs to my master ; I will take it to him at once."

"Master, did you leave some money in the room yonder?"

The master felt in his pockets, and found indeed that his money was not there. Henry produced it at the same time, telling him where he had found it. "He seemed always to take to me after that," Henry said.

This indeed was a turning-point in the boy's history. Had he kept the money he would have stamped his character with infamy; and instead of rising into the respectable position of a master builder, might have herded in after-life with rogues and felons. The first step in vice and dishonesty very frequently leads to others, and the convicted felon finds it all but impossible to return to the path of truth and honesty.

CHAPTER VII.

HENRY A PUPIL OF LANCASTER.—WISHES TO WITHDRAW.
—THE NOBLE CONDUCT OF LANCASTER.

SHORTLY after young Henry settled in London he began to feel the want of education. In fact he could not write nor scarcely read. It is much to his credit that he sought out

a night-school; and most singularly and fortunately entered as a pupil with the famous LANCASTER; the founder of what is called the Lancasterian system of teaching. Lancaster had just opened a small school in his mother's underground kitchen, in Newington Causeway, Borough. After Henry had been with this teacher some time, either the task of learning became irksome or he had got an idea that he knew enough, or he did not like to pay the weekly fee; at any rate he told Lancaster he should discontinue to attend.

"Why so, Henry?" enquired the master. Henry stammered out something about he could not afford to pay.

"Never thee mind about the money, Henry, thee continue to come." was the generous answer of the noble Quaker. Young as Henry was, he was not so young, but he could appreciate this generosity of his teacher. "I thought it was very kind of him," we have often heard him say; for it was one of those instances of kindness which are never forgotten. He always respected the man after this, and the body of friends with which he stood connected, for his old master's sake.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE IRISH LABORER. — HENRY REJOINS SOCIETY. — MR. MYLES AND HIS TUNE.

It has been already noticed that young Henry became a wanderer from Crosby Row Chapel, but his conscience was not at rest. He shunned the society, and feared to meet any of the Chapel people, but especially his old leader. He was anything but comfortable in his mind. One night his Uncle Unwin, with whom he then worked, and who was a member at Crosby Row, said to him—

“Henry, there is an Irish laborer going to preach to-night at the chapel.”

“An Irish laborer, you don’t say so!”

“Yes, an Irish laborer.”

The boy’s curiosity was thoroughly excited by the idea of an Irish laborer preaching; for our friend Paddy, then as now, carried the hod, and the Irish laborer was connected in the boy’s mind with that worthy and necessary attendant on the bricklayer.

The boy was at the chapel in good time. He had been wondering in his own mind whether the laborer would appear in his working dress, whether he would have time to clean himself. When the preacher appeared in the pulpit, dressed in orthodox black, he was thoroughly puzzled. He was expecting also to see the rough horny hand of a bricklayer’s laborer, but was disappointed

in this mark, for he observed that the preacher's hands were as white and smooth as those of any gentleman.

Henry's heart was now opened afresh to receive the truth, and he listened with deep attention to the word, and it found a lodgment in his soul, and he became once more a regular attendant at the chapel.

This Irish laborer to whom he listened to-night, was no other than William Myles, the future historian of Methodism, who was stationed at this time in London. He was from Ireland, and therefore Mr. Unwin humorously designated him "an Irish laborer." But the preaching made an indelible impression on Henry's mind. Of Mr. Myles and his good wife Henry ever had pleasant memories. When Mr. Myles visited the people he made himself quite at home. A tune which he used to sing, Henry caught up in these early days, and sung with great delight till the close of his life. We used frequently to have it in our class meetings, and it was called Mr. Myles' tune, and was well adapted to the words:—

"Come, let us ascend, my companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above;
If thy heart be as mine, if for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

What a rapturous song, when the glorified throng,
In the spirit of harmony join;
Join all the glad choirs, hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is 'Mercy divine!'

Hallelujah, they cry, to the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I Am ;
To the Lamb that was slain, and liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!"

But we shall hear our class-mate's voice no more on earth ; he has joined the heavenly choir, and among them his uncle Unwin, and the simple-hearted William Myles.

CHAPTER IX.

HENRY'S PIETY.—JABEZ BUNTING.—SLEEPS IN JABEZ'S BED.—BROTHER MURPHY.—BUNTING'S GRAVITY.

THERE does not appear to have been anything striking in Henry's conversion to God : but that it was real, his after life gave full proof. His piety was not of the obtrusive or demonstrative kind. There was little if anything of rapture ; but his peace flowed like the river, calm and deep.

It is singular that Henry from the first was placed in close proximity with Crosby Row Chapel, and lodged in Crosby Row for some time. There came to lodge in this same Crosby Row a celebrated character in Methodism. At the north side of the chapel lodged our young builder, Henry Tyler ; on the south of the chapel, at the corner of Providence Place, lodged the celebrated builder of the Methodist constitution, JABEZ BUNTING.

Jabez Bunting was married during the period he was stationed in London, and we are not sure that he did not bring his blushing bride home to this Providence Place, Crosby Row. It is interesting, however, to learn, that our hero and a fellow-workman actually slept in Jabez Bunting's bed. During the temporary absence of Mr. Bunting, the servant was fearful of being left alone in the house, and Henry and Brother Murphy went to guard it. Henry has sometimes spoken of this bed-fellow, who it appears was a red hot Methodist, and when he knelt down to pray at night, he used both tongue and hands, and Jabez's bed was pummeled in first rate style by the fist and hands of Brother Murphy.

Henry had a vivid remembrance of Mr. Bunting, and he seems to have inspired the young man with a deep impression of his gravity. The very antipodes of William Myles, who appears to have been a most genial soul,—he would sing with the people and make himself quite at home when he visited them, but Jabez went in and came out with the dignity and gravity of a judge.

CHAPTER X.

THE IRISH CHARACTER.—COLONEL DESPARD.—THE CONSPIRACY.—DENNIS MCCREE.—SEVEN CONSPIRATORS HUNG.

THE English bricklayer and the Irish laborer stood in much the same relation to each other

sixty years ago as they do at the present day, and it seems that the broad Irish humour was the same then as now. Henry ever preserved a keen sense of this feature of the Irish character.

Readers of English History will remember the conspiracy in connection with Colonel Despard. Many Irish were drawn into that plot, and amongst them was one who worked with Henry—his name was Dennis McCree. One morning he said to Henry, "Did you hear anything last night?" "No, I heard nothing particular," was Henry's reply. "By the *law* you will." And gave sundry hints that there were great events brewing.

The fact broke suddenly upon the people, that a number of conspirators had been arrested, who had been plotting together to kill the King, seize the Tower, and overthrow the Government. The ring-leader in this plot was Colonel Despard. One day Dennis was absent from his work. The question was, "What had become of Dennis?" It was now remembered that he had given strange hints, that he was in a secret known only to a few. Sure enough it was the case. Dennis had been drawn into these public-house plots, and had been enclosed in the Government net.

No doubt, that a number of small fry, more ignorant than guilty, would be dragged out in the general haul. At any rate so far as Dennis was concerned, he had been arrested

with others, and found himself in a situation which was anything but enviable. But when does an Irishman's wits forsake him? When Dennis was had up before the magistrate, instead of attending to the charge, he began to express his admiration of the place:—"By the powers" said he, "this is a fine place! Your servant, gentlemen. Is it Dennis McCree yees are wanting?" "Silence." Dennis displayed such other marks that he was *non compos mentis*, that the magistrate exclaimed, "Why that man is a fool, what did you bring him here for? take him out at once." For Dennis so effectively acted his part that the magistrate was completely deceived.

Dennis finding himself free, regained his wits, and in after-times amused his mates by telling how by this trick he diddled the magistrate and got off. Colonel Despard and six others were hung and beheaded on the top of Horsemonger Lane Jail, in February, 1803. The whole plot after all appears to have been one of the weakest, wildest things imaginable.

Henry never forgot Dennis McCree and his narrow escape, and the cunning trick he played before the magistrate.

1803 was a memorable year. Bonaparte's legions were massed on the shore of France in threatening attitude, as though they intended to pounce upon our little island and overwhelm us. But England—Old Eng-

land—did not lose heart, nor hope. The father of the writer was enrolled in the general enrolment which took place. He was enrolled as a sawyer, and trees were to be felled in all directions to block up the road against the French.

The Militia of the kingdom was largely augmented during the years 1803—4; and among the number drawn was our Henry. But he was not martially inclined; and being more disposed to lay bricks and mortar than to go out for drill, he procured a substitute. The form of Certificate is now lying before us :—

SURREY MILITIA.

These are to Certify,

That Henry Tyler, of the parish of Bermondsey, did on the 8th day of February, 1804, find and provide Nicholas Hicks as his substitute, who was duly sworn, and enrolled accordingly.

C. J. CARTER, } *Clerk to the Southwark
Court of Lieutenancy.*

CHAPTER XI.

HENRY THINKS ABOUT A WIFE.—THE TENDER PASSION.
—THE YOUNG WIDOW.—THE SPRIGHTLY LASS.—THE
SPRIGHTLY LASS TURNS HENRY OFF.

HENRY having passed his majority, and being a rising man in his profession, began to think about a wife.

Certainly those are very important thoughts which occupy the mind when the subject is a companion for life. There are many things, too, which operate when the choice is to be a choice for life. We think the cases are very rare in which love yields to despair. As far as our experience has gone, most of the smitten, if rejected, have not had their hearts broken ; but though they may have felt for a time, their pride has been roused, and—

“ ‘ Shall I, like a fool,’ quoth he,
For a silly woman dee ?
She may go to Bath, for me.’ ”

These tender passions very seldom get the mastery. God has endued the soul with counterbalancing energies, and we should be destitute of manliness did we not use them.

“ Samivel, my son, never marry a vidder,” is the sage advice of Weller, senior, to his son Samuel. It is true that the great novelist had not appeared at this stage of our history, but it is equally true that the first object causing the heart of our hero to flutter was a young widow. She lived in the same house where Henry lodged, and had one child. The dark, languishing eye of the widow, had its effect upon our young friend’s heart for a time, yet his constitutional prudence was brought into operation, and he drew back and escaped the entanglement.

There was a sprightly lass about the same age as Henry, who occasionally called on his

aunt. These calls brought Henry and her together. No doubt Henry's gallantry led him to see her home, and a courtship, however transient its existence, must have been opened up, and progressed so far that the future establishment became the subject of conversation. This brought matters to a halt; for one room at 3s. 6d., or two rooms at 5s. a week, was all our bricklayer had to offer. But the sprightly young lady looked for something more than that, and their courtship came to an end by the young lady declaring that such an establishment would not do for her.

"Then she really turned you off," we said, when talking to our friend on the subject.

"Yes, she did," he replied.

This was rather mortifying, but there was no help for it. This young lady married another gentleman when she had reached the prudent age of thirty one. She lived a Christian life, and was very useful in her sphere. She died in the year 1856, the death of the righteous, and a short sketch of her life was published in one of the periodicals of the day.

CHAPTER XII.

CHAUCER'S TABARD.—CROSBY ROW CHAPEL.—ANN ROUSE.
 —THE WANDERING EYE.—HENRY AT ANN'S PLACE
 OF BUSINESS.—THE WEDDING.—FIRST APPARTMENTS.
 —MRS. TYLER.

READER, should you be passing from London Bridge into the Borough, and keep on the left hand side down the High Street, you will pass several inn-yards, and among them the famous "TABARD," now called "THE TALBOT," immortalised by Chaucer. But we cannot stop now to examine this rendezvous of the Canterbury pilgrims, but move on to King Street, into which we turn till we come near to the end, where it dips into Snowsfield, when we enter into Crosby Row. In that row you will see on the right hand, a tumble-down hexagonal building; don't despise it, for in that same building some of the great preachers in Methodism have held forth the lamp of God's word to light the sinner to the Cross. Yes, this building is the later Snowsfields Chapel of Methodism. In addition to John and Charles Wesley, Coke, Mather, Pawson, Bradburn and Clarke of the early race of Methodist preachers, Bunting, Watson, and others of the later race, frequently preached therein.

This Snowsfields or Crosby Row Chapel has a gallery round its walls, all but clasping the pulpit, which is fixed opposite to the entrance. Under the gallery on the eastern

side our hero is sitting : on the opposite side in the front of the western gallery, you see a neat, pretty, modest young woman seated. No wonder that Henry's eyes wander not unfrequently to this seat ; and we are not sure that the young lady herself did not now and then lift her eyes from her book or the preacher to steal a glance at the handsome young builder sitting below. Those exceedingly precise people who never allow their eyes to wander in church or chapel, will condemn these young people, no doubt ; but for our parts, as we belong to the common class of humanity, we cannot say much about it. Right or wrong, here is the stern fact : our Henry's eyes did wander to the pew where was seated ANN ROUSE.

It is not at all unlikely that some unbeliever may say, " Ah ! is that what you chapel people go to chapel for—to look out for husbands and wives." " No, friend ; but when a pretty young lass sits opposite in the gallery to a handsome young man below, the result is sometimes the same as is recorded in this case.

The eye—that wonderful piece of mechanism—has, in addition to its other uses, a language of its own. It speaks vengeance in the flashes of its ire, and it can speak the most intense affection in language which cannot be put into words. It is quite clear, before any words had passed between our Henry and Ann Rouse, their eyes had told a

tale which was afterwards repeated by word of mouth.

Ann worked away from home at shoe-binding. She worked with a friend who lived in Snowsfield. Henry, after the hours of labour, would repair to this very house instead of going home or to the evening school. He merely went to chat with the two females, and then as a matter of course he could do no less than see Ann home.

Things could not go on in this way for ever. What was talked about on those evening walks home we know not; but on the 31st of January, 1806, four persons are seen entering Bermondsey Church. Two of the four persons are Henry Tyler and Ann Rouse. If this is a wedding-party, it is not not like a modern one, for in these days of progress wedding parties lose the use of their legs on the wedding morn, and the poor invalids must have a vehicle of some sort to take them to church, if it be only equal to our friend Paddy's jaunting car. No sooner is the knot tied in the present day than away the newly married go from all their friends, as though they had done something they are ashamed of. But in this case, as soon as the wedding party came out of church, the bridegroom turned to the right to go and finish some work he had in hand, while the bride was put in the charge of the bridegroom's man, who was no other than Uncle Unwin, and he took care to tell every acquaintance

they met on the road—"We have done it! We have done it!" And he seemed highly delighted with the morning's work; not considering, certainly as he ought to have done, the feelings of the bride. She often told her husband afterwards that she felt so ashamed that she did not know what to do with herself. Most undoubtedly the modern practice of the coach or cab would have spared the bride in this respect.

A plain dinner was provided by Uncle Unwin, and Henry went to his work in the afternoon; so that the marriage of the young couple caused little interruption to business. There is a singular coincidence here between our young builder and the Methodist Constitution builder, Jabez Bunting. It is noted in "Bunting's Life," by his son, "that the evening of his marriage he filled an appointment to preach which he had at Derby."

The young lady our builder married was content with such an establishment as her husband could provide. This was the first-floor front room, or at the most two rooms, at 128, Long Lane, Borough. In one of our conversations we asked him about this, his first establishment; and he really could not remember whether they began housekeeping with one room or two. The house still stands where our young Henry took his blushing bride; the front facing the George Public House, the back looking out upon Southwark Chapel.

No, no, Miss Lydia, you could not take a man who had only one or at the most two rooms to offer you. But you had better begin at the bottom than the top, for if you just look on a bit you will see our young builder stepping into next door—and he has not only taken a house, but the lease of it: so that while you are living in single blessedness, Ann Rouse, now Mrs. Tyler, has a five-roomed house to look after. And as her husband is a builder, see! he has added a sixth room to it.

If any of our readers should visit Long Lane from the Borough, they will find that the second house in the eastern row after they pass Chapel Place, has six rooms. This is owing to its having been leased by a builder. “Upon my word, Lydia, if you were looking after a respectable establishment, there would have been nothing like marrying a builder.”

The union of Henry and Ann appears to have been one of sincere affection. They proved true helpmates to each other. From what we remember of them they must have been a handsome couple, when young. The fruit of this union was twelve children; nine died in early life, only three reaching maturity. These three are still alive, two sons and a daughter. Mrs. Tyler was a pattern of neatness, which was carried into everything she did. We well remember the eulogy passed on her sewing at the Dorcas and Ladies' Bazaar Working Meetings, even within a short time of her death, which occurred in 1857.

CHAPTER XIII.

HENRY ENTERS INTO PARTNERSHIP WITH HIS UNCLE.
—THE AMICABLE DISSOLUTION.—HOW THEY DIVIDED
THEIR STOCK.

THE start in life being taken, Henry rose from the position of a journeyman to that of a master; being taken into partnership by his Uncle Unwin, who was also a builder. This partnership continued for some time, when they thought it best to dissolve: this was done in the most amicable manner; one going to the right and the other to the left.

When the separation was resolved on, Uncle Unwin proposed that the whole of their building apparatus should be taken to one yard, and that one should take one article, and then the other, till all was divided,—the nephew ceding to his uncle, as the oldest, the first choice. So they proceeded—each one in turn taking the article which was most valuable or most suitable to his wants, until the whole formed two heaps, the one belonging to the uncle the other to the nephew.

Well would it be if such kindly feelings marked every dissolution of partnership: unseemly and expensive litigation would thus be avoided. This Uncle Unwin was a worthy man and a sincere Christian. We remember him well, especially in connection with the seven o'clock Sunday morning prayer meeting at Southwark Chapel; in fact, he drew us out there,—

“Ere yet our feeble lips had learned
To form themselves in prayer.”

The friendship of uncle and nephew knew
no interruption until dissolved by death.

CHAPTER XIV.

HENRY BEGINS TO BUILD AND IS NOT ABLE TO FINISH.

—THOMAS SHEPHERD.—JOHN BICKNELL.—THE £50
LOAN.—MR. SHEPHERD HENRY'S BANKER.

AT the time when our young couple were married, Long Lane, Borough, was but a lane—houses here and there, with waste land on each side of it. Mr. Tyler took a part in covering a portion of the land with houses. He began two houses in Richardson Street, intending one of them for his own residence. He had not, however, taken the caution given by our Lord, for he began to build and had not the wherewithal to finish. This brings another gentleman into our history, to whom Henry always referred with gratitude—Thomas Shepherd, Esq., of Kennington.

Thomas Shepherd was well known for his liberality, especially to the poor. He always put a sovereign into the plate on Lord's Supper occasions. He invested £250 in trustees, the interest of which, £10, yearly is given at Christmas to ten poor men, members of the Methodist Society at Southwark Chapel.

The young builder's difficulty was made known to Mr. Shepherd by a mutual friend,

Mr. John Bicknell; another worthy name in connection with Southwark Methodism. "I will let him have £50," said Mr. Shepherd, "and as soon as he can he will pay me back again."

That £50 Mr. Tyler has often said "was the making of me." A young tradesman is often hopelessly crippled for the want of a friend to help him to start: on the other hand, many a generous man has had his generosity abused both by ingratitude and the loss of his advances. It was not merely the £50 to meet this emergency, and enable the young builder to finish his house, but Mr. Shepherd was always after this the ready friend to come forward when Mr. Tyler's capital failed, and his business was likely to suffer. As much as £500 has this noble man advanced when he saw such advances were needed: for years a running account was kept up between the two. Of course we presume that interest was paid on the advances; but it must have been very moderate, for when we questioned Mr. Tyler on this head he seemed scarcely to recollect whether he had paid interest or not. The fact seems to be that Mr. Shepherd was both Henry's banker and book-keeper. The whole matter was a few years before Mr. Shepherd's death squared and balanced to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Shepherd; and it left an indelible impression of gratitude upon Mr. Tyler's mind.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ECCENTRIC SURVEYOR.—“I AM THE MAN, AND I WILL
LET YOU KNOW I AM THE MAN.”—THE INVITE TO
BREAKFAST.—HELP YOURSELVES.—THE HARD BUTTER.
—ONLY FIVE MINUTES.—THE CHEAP JOHN.

MR. TYLER took a part, as we have already noticed, in covering the land contiguous to Long Lane with houses. Hence we have Ann's Place and Henry's Place, named after his wife and himself. The reader will pass these places if he goes direct from Crosby Row across Long Lane into Kent Street.

Builders are brought into contact, and not unfrequently into collision, with an order of men called surveyors. There is no doubt but that these men serve a useful purpose on behalf of society at large, and that there are among them upright and honourable men; but from all that we have heard of them, a more rapacious class does not exist than these same surveyors. No doubt the various Building Acts have invested these gentlemen with considerable powers, which the most of them have used not for the benefit of the public but for the benefit of themselves.

Mr. Tyler on one occasion gave us rather a humorous account of one of these worthies, who appears to have been a singular character altogether. Mr. Tyler had made some addition to a house he occupied, by the erection of an oven, or something of the kind, without consulting this district autocrat.

He heard of it however, and in he pounced one day just as the family had seated themselves for dinner, and exclaimed as he entered, "I am the man, and I will let you know I am the man." Of course Mr. Tyler knew the object of this friendly visit, and there was no help for it but to propitiate this cormorant by a fee. The course adopted by this surveyor was in harmony with the singularity of his character, something like the Dutch auction style, or after the fashion of the Cheap John. He began by naming some high sum, £10, we believe, on this occasion, and descended until he reached the minimum he intended to take; and then said, "I ask *no* more, and will take *no* less." Our builder had to pay this sum in order to preserve his erection.

The owner of a house in Chapel-place had come under the ban of this surveyor, and the subject of arrangement was intrusted to Mr. Tyler, who called at the surveyor's house for that purpose. "Well," said this gentleman, "bring your friend here to breakfast to-morrow morning, and we will see what can be done."

Mr. Tyler conveyed the message back to the gentleman, that the surveyor had invited them to breakfast on the morrow. "To breakfast!" said the gentleman astonished, "I don't want his breakfast." Mr. Tyler, however, advised him to comply with the invitation as the best course to pursue under the

circumstances. The gentleman, at last, agreed, and the next morning, a cold winter's morning, the gentleman and our friend proceeded together to breakfast with the surveyor, whose residence was at Westminster. Their reception was anything but reassuring to the gentleman, for there sat in one corner of the room, at his desk, the surveyor, who merely nodded his recognition of his guests, and motioned to the breakfast table, where was placed a stale loaf of bread and very indifferent butter, and the coffee pot was on the hob, the whole presided over by a wife with her husband's taciturnity. The guests were given to understand that they must help themselves. The surveyor in the meantime sticking to his desk, but told them they must be quick as he had not much time to spare. The gentleman, who had always been accustomed to be waited on by servants, found himself in rather an awkward predicament; not being used to spreading hard butter on bread, he found the task all but impracticable. Mr. Tyler, on the other hand, who had been accustomed to rough it, cut away, resolved not to be cheated out of his breakfast. They had not been long at their work, before their entertainer cried out, "Only five minutes more." The gentleman had made little out up to this point, and was likely to make less after this announcement. The surveyor at the end of the five minutes announced "time's up, now to business." He adopted

his old tactics, began at a high figure and descended to the minimum, where he stuck. And the gentleman had to pay the amount claimed as the surveyor's fee.

This eccentric surveyor, Mr. Tyler has told us, was not after all so exorbitant in his demands as his successors have been : and on yielding to his whims he succeeded better than he would have done had he opposed them. The gentleman on this occasion could not help being amused at their entertainment, but he never coveted after this the honor of being invited to breakfast with a surveyor.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOHN PAWSON.—RICHARD REECE.—CROSBY-ROW SUNDAY SCHOOL.—HENRY A TEACHER.—SOUTHWARK CHAPEL SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

HENRY was admitted a member of the Methodist society by that primitive old preacher, John Pawson, who had Richard Reece as his young man. Pawson and Reece were stationed together in London in 1795-6-7, so that Henry must have been very young when he first joined society. But although his fears had been aroused by his young companion's definition of sin, yet his conscience was not sufficiently enlightened to lead to a change of heart. His convictions, like the morning cloud and early dew, passed away.

For some two or three years Henry was a wanderer, as we have already related, until led to hear the Irish labourer. Then he gave himself fully to the Lord, and to His people by the will of God.

Fields for labour were not so abundant at the time Henry gave himself to God as they are now. Crosby Row Sunday-school was not established till 1805. We have society tickets before us of Henry Tyler and Ann Rouse, dated June, 1804. Whether our young convert engaged in any work in the church before 1805 we know not; it is quite clear that he was one of the founders of the Crosby Row School, for he has told us that he went out to canvass for it, and at the first engaged as a teacher in it.

This school was first held in a long room, fitted up at the back of the Angel Inn, corner of Crosby Row. Mr. Isaac Day, Mr. Bicknell, Mr. Batty, and other Southwark worthies, whose names are not now remembered, laboured with our friend in the establishment of this school. This room was soon filled with children to overflowing, and when Southwark Chapel was opened in 1808, the old chapel in Crosby Row was taken possession of as a school-room, and was held as such till the school-rooms were erected by the side of Southwark Chapel.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE STRANGERS' FRIEND SOCIETY.—JOHN GARDNER.—
MR. WESLEY.—MR. TYLER A VISITOR.—JOHN LANG-
LEY.—THE POOR CHILDREN.—KENT STREET ROUGHS.

THERE is one society second to none in its benevolent character. This society is a birth of Methodism, and although general in its character, it derives its chief support both in money and active agents from the Methodist family. We mean "THE STRANGERS' FRIEND SOCIETY.

Some interesting facts have come into our hands respecting the origin of the Strangers' Friend Society, which we will lay before our readers. John Gardner, doctor of medicine, being accustomed to visit the sick and dying, saw much distress arising from want of food and clothing. Returning one evening from visiting one case of peculiar suffering, it led the benevolent doctor to ask, "Can nothing be done to alleviate this suffering?" He mentioned the case to his wife, and said, "Cannot we two subscribe one penny a week each, and ask a few of our neighbours to join with us?" They did so, and four others joined with them. We will give the names of these first six subscribers:—John and Margaret Gardner, Thomas and Mary Float, William and Ann Biddles. These three husbands and their wives were the first subscribers to the Strangers' Friend Society. This took place in the year 1785.

Doctor Gardner being a member of the Methodist Society, the knowledge of this movement reached the ears of his class-leader; that person sent for his member, and rebuked him sharply for creating a party, as he termed it—intimating that it might lead to a division. At any rate if he had money to spare, he should pay it into his class,—and threatened that he would report the matter to Mr. Wesley. The worthy doctor thought he could do that himself; accordingly he sent the following letter to Mr. Wesley:—

“Rev. and dear Sir,

“A few of us are subscribing one penny a-week each, which is to be carried on the Sabbath, by one of ourselves, who read and pray with the afflicted, and who (according to the rules enclosed) must be poor strangers, having no parish, nor friend at hand to help them.

“Our benevolent plan is opposed by Mr. Parkinson, my class-leader; therefore we are reluctantly constrained to trouble you for your approbation before we proceed.

“Rev. Sir,—If you think well of us—we are very poor, having neither box nor book; and our whole stock is not yet twenty shillings—we will therefore thank you for any assistance you may be pleased to afford, in our infant state; for we do hope God will bless this small beginning. Nevertheless, if you disapprove our proceedings, I will lay it all aside,

“And remain,

“Your very humble and obedient servant,

“JOHN GARDNER.

“To the Rev. John Wesley, A.M., City Road.”

Glorious old John Wesley had a different spirit to the narrow-minded class-leader,

and returned Doctor Gardner the following answer :

“Highbury Place, Dec. 21st, 1785.

My dear Brother,

“I like the design and rules of your little society, and hope you will do good to many. I will subscribe three-pence per week, and will give you a guinea in advance, if you call on me Saturday morning. I am,

“Your affectionate Brother,

“JOHN WESLEY.

“To Mr. John Gardner.”

We wonder where the original of this letter is now. In 1829 it could be seen. It ought to have been secured for and kept in the possession of the Parent Society.

This society was established for the purpose, as the report now inform us, of *visiting and relieving* the sick and distressed poor at their own habitations, without any restriction on account of sect and country. Its first meeting was held at Long Lane, Smithfield. Our Methodist friends will be glad to read the following, from Mr. Wesley's journal, under date, Sunday, March 14, 1790:—“In the morning, I met the Strangers' Society, instituted wholly for the relief, not of our Society, but for poor, sick, friendless strangers. I do not know that I ever heard or read of such an institution, till within a few years ago. So this also is one of the fruits of Methodism.” Again in writing to Adam Clarke the following year (1791), only a few weeks before his death, he says, “You have

done right in setting up the Strangers' Society. It is an excellent institution." This Society is to all intents and purposes one of the very best societies ever established. Much of human misery it has removed, much of human suffering it has alleviated.

The Society has divided the metropolis into twenty-six districts ; each district has its own local committee and visitors. There are 324 visitors at the present time. Cases of distress are visited by these noble men and women, at the habitations of the suffering, hence real objects of distress are more likely to be met in this way than will be the case in giving to beggars in the public streets. Here is a case taken from the report, as an illustration of its good effects.

"E—— W—— was found with three small children, nearly naked, in a room where there was no bed to lie on, no furniture, no food, and no fire ; almost the only covering being a coal sack, which was thrown round her shoulders. When the visitor entered, she fell upon her knees, and exclaimed, 'The Lord hath sent you : I and my children have just been praying that He would send some kind friend to our relief.' She was a widow, left at the age of twenty-six, to struggle for the support of her family."

Young children, as is seen in the above case, must suffer, and frequently die through the destitution of their parents.

It is pleasing to find after the lapse of 80

years that this Society, although it has had the support of royalty and nobility, yet as it originated in, its main dependence has been and still is, on Methodism. And it is a fact honourable to Conference Methodism throughout London, that in their chapels only, with two exceptions, were sermons preached for the Society during the last year.

We cannot let this opportunity pass without noticing the noble contrast presented by the Old Methodists in London to the whole of the so-called liberal branches. The Old Methodists collected in their chapels, and sent to the Strangers' Friend Society upwards of £400 in 1863. But United Free Church Methodism did not collect a single penny. Shame on it! Neither the New Connexion, the Primitive Methodists, nor the Bible Christians gave any collections. The two exceptions were Independent Methodism, Deverell Street Chapel, Dover Road, and the Wesleyan Reformers' Chapel, at Adam Street, Manchester Square.

Mr. Tyler became one of the visitors of the Strangers' Friend Society very early in his Christian course, and we are disposed to think that this was in reality the first work in which he was engaged, and he never flagged in it till death met him. Under all the changes to which he was subject in his religious connections, there was no change here. He continued, through all the changing scenes of life, in trouble and in joy, to

cling to and fulfil the active duties of a visitor of the Strangers' Friend Society. In fact, his name stands on the last report as one of the Secretaries for the Southwark district. What will the young men of Southwark say to this—that an old man of eighty was a secretary to a district containing sixteen benevolent visitors, he himself being one of the most diligent of those visitors. The office of secretary he held near forty years.

We well remember the constant applications which were made to him to visit this sick man and that sick woman after the close of our class meetings, prayer-meetings, and other services. In addition to these applications, there were the constant calls at his own house. On all occasions he was ready; his paper and pencil were out to take down the address, and we never heard of one instance where he failed when he promised to attend. He did the work cheerfully, too; it was "Yes, child, I will see them on the morrow."

We could have given, had our memory retained them, a number of interesting and some most appalling cases which we have heard him relate. One of the last we remember was of father and mother, grown-up son and daughter—all huddled together in the same room, the son and daughter both sick. He was not like many who became hardened to scenes of distress, but they seemed to touch his heart most sensibly to the last.

There was one gentleman in connection with the Strangers' Friend Society in days past, of whom Henry had a vivid remembrance—Mr. John Langley, whose wife and daughter, strange to say, were members of our class when we were expelled the Methodist society in 1851. Mr. John Langley died, February 1814, and his biographer says of him, in connection with this society—

“As a member of the Strangers' Friend Society he was diligent and exemplary in the highest degree. After the fatigues of the day, if on coming home he found a note informing him of any that were afflicted, before he sat down to refresh himself, he would go to visit them, though sometimes they lived at more than the distance of a mile. He also took a very active part in collecting the annual subscriptions for that charity; hundreds of miles has he walked on that errand of love.”—*Met. Mag.*, 1814, p. 678.

There is a letter of Dr. Clarke's to Mr. Langley embodied in this memoir, dated three days before Mr. Langley's death. The doctor, among other kind expressions, says—

“I should have been glad to have seen you, but fearing you might be called to glory before I could get to your house, I choose by this paper to talk a little with you; to tell you that I love you, and to tell you, what I trust you gloriously feel, that God loves you * * *

“I am, my dear brother Langley,

“Yours affectionately in the Lord Jesus,

“ADAM CLARKE.”

Mr. Langley being from the Emerald Isle, partook largely of the temperament of his countrymen. When at the meeting of visitors, cases were pressing and funds low, he would stand up and declare with all the warmth of an Irishman, that they should be ruined—that they could not entertain the cases. “But, Brother Langley,” some kind heart would reply, who happened to know his vulnerable part, “Only consider the poor children.” “Oh!” he would say, “the poor *childre!*” Yes, when he was reminded of the “*childre,*” as he called them, all his opposition gave way.

Mr. Tyler was thoroughly acquainted with every court and alley in the Mint and Kent Street. Many sad scenes of woe and suffering he has seen during the period of a long life. He was well known as “the gentleman who visited the sick and poor,” by the roughs of Kent Street, and respected on that account. We give the following as an illustration of this:—

Some waste ground in connection with Kent Street was taken possession of on a snowy day by the roughs of the neighbourhood. These gentlemen were engaged in the delightful employment of pelting every passenger with snow-balls. Mr. Tyler appeared, and some were about to pour their balls upon him, when several voices were heard, “Stow it there! stow it there! Don’t touch him! That is the gentleman who visits the sick

and dying!" The good man secures deference and respect from the lowest and most hardened.

Mr. Tyler was not unlike Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley. He joined in the general condemnation of street beggars, and the evil of relieving them; but yet he and his house were constantly beset by them, and few went empty away.

The respected treasurer of the Strangers' Friend Society, Southwark District, Mr. J. C. Wilkes, had the entire confidence of Mr. Tyler, and was selected by him as sole executor to his will, and executed that office to the satisfaction of the family, after their father's death.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ORIGIN OF METHODISM.—CLASS MEETINGS.—LEADERS THE PASTORS IN METHODISM.—MR. TYLER A LEADER.—OUR FIRST MEETING.

WHEN a man is married and settled, except in rare cases, his every-day life is very monotonous. To note down the events of each day would not add greatly to our stock of knowledge. Hence, there is little in Mr. Tyler's family history to record; but there is more in his religious life and connections to show forth the man and his character.

The office of leader in the Methodist

society is certainly an important one: the origin of this office may be known to some, but it is not known to all. "We were consulting together at Bristol," says Wesley, "how we could pay the debt on the preaching house, when one proposed that each member of the society should pay a penny a week till the whole was paid. It was observed that many of them were poor, and could not afford it, "Then put eleven of the poorest with me," said the proposer; "if they can give anything, well: I will call on them weekly, and if they can give nothing, I will give for them as well as for myself." Others took up the work in the same way and spirit of the original proposer. In these weekly visits to collect the pence disorderly walkers were detected. "The very thing we wanted," says Wesley. These collectors became leaders, and those whom they collected from were designated class members. These leaders and classes continue to the present day; the leaders, in fact, performing the duties which Wesley and his successors found it impossible to do. They meet their classes weekly, give Christian counsel and advice, while the weekly penny is still collected by them. These leaders indeed form the true pastorate of Methodism.

It does not appear at what date or under what circumstances Mr. Tyler was made leader; but it was in consequence of his sustaining this office that we were first

brought into association with him. On the 17th October, 1821, we entered Southwark in a stage waggon : it had taken us two days to perform a journey of forty-two miles. The next Sunday found us sitting in a Methodist class, and Mr. Tyler was the leader ; in fact this class assembled in the sitting room of the person with whom we had gone to lodge,—of course we had to sit it out : we liked the singing much, and thought Mr. Tyler's voice particularly soft and musical. We don't remember whether anything was said to us at this first meeting. The next Sunday we were there again : the leader enquired how we liked it. We were frank enough to say what we felt, and that was we did not like it at all. It was by a strange fatality and without choice that we were placed in a Methodist class-meeting. The speaking puzzled and somewhat annoyed us; yet we felt a strong regard for the leader from our first interview together : in this way our acquaintance began which was destined not to be wholly broken off but by death.

In sketching the features of our subject we find it very difficult to avoid bringing ourselves on the canvas. In the matters with which we have now to deal we are mixed up more or less.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LEEDS SECESSION.—MR. TYLER WITHDRAWS FROM SOCIETY.—SECESSION IN 1835.—REFLECTIONS ON THESE ERUPTIONS.—MR. TYLER RETURNS TO SOCIETY.—JOINS OUR CLASS.

RELIGIOUS life, like every-day life, must assume a sameness in most steady characters. But in the years 1828-9 there was an eruption in Methodism through what took place at Leeds. We did not at the time see any great reason for it. We were young, then, at any rate in Methodist polity. Mr. Tyler felt strongly on the subject—so strongly, indeed, that he resigned his office as leader, and his membership in the society. But to his honour be it spoken, he never attempted to influence *any* members of his class, or other members of the church. Although he withdrew himself from the most conscientious motives, he did not attempt to draw others after him.

His giving up his position in the society did not lead to his withdrawal from Southwark Chapel. He still kept his seat there. Neither did he slacken in his work as a Strangers' Friend Visitor. Week after week he might be seen on the Friday evening in the vestry of Southwark Chapel at the weekly meeting of the visitors of the Strangers' Friend Society, to within one week of his death.

The commotion in the Methodist Society

in 1828, issued in the formation of a new body called the Protestant Methodist Society. With the spirit of the leaders in that movement we felt no sympathy. This body dissolved ultimately into the "Wesleyan Association." This latter Association, as is well known to many of our readers, arose out of the disputes about the establishment of the Theological Institution. Mr. Tyler sympathised in this movement, but not enough to induce him to join the seceders.

There is something in these outbreaks in Methodism upon which the reflecting mind may well ponder. Some have gone so far as to say that they are natural eruptions which let off some of the bad blood, and thus act healthfully on the system.

There is no question but that in all commotions there are some of the worst spirits thrown up, and not unfrequently this bad leaven will leaven the whole lump. If, however, we have read our New Testament rightly, the seceders, or the expelled, in most cases have contended for right principles. How is it, then, that they have not succeeded?

We cannot see the end from the beginning. Could we, it is probable that we should discover that great purposes are answered in what appear to us great failures. Commotions which divide churches sometimes issue in the formation of two churches where only one existed previously. Like some vegetables which are divided and planted, two or

more fruitful plants grow in different spots of the vineyard, and the fruit is much more abundant than would have been the case had the plant been planted whole and drawn its sustenance from one spot. Here we only know in part the purposes of the great Jehovah. We cannot look behind the cloud to watch the operation of His controlling or directing hand.

After Mr. Tyler had been away from society for some years, he returned and joined the class met by Mr. Spicer, at Southwark Chapel. He continued in this class until the death of the leader, when, strange to say, he came to meet with the country lad who had been taken into his class on trial some twenty-five years before. He joined our class April 8, 1848. So the wheel of providence moves round.

In 1849 there was another great upheaving of the Methodist Society through the expulsion of Everett, Dunn and Griffith. The whole Methodist world, from its centre to its circumference, was shaken most terribly. Our friend took part with the expelled preachers, and so strongly did he feel that he resolved, with many others, not to subscribe anything either to connexional or to circuit funds.

CHAPTER XX.

THE STRANGER LEADER.—THE EXPULSIONS.—HOW A CONFERENCE OFFICIAL CAN DO IT.—THE MUTILATED TICKET.—THE REFORM TICKET.—CLASS LOCKED OUT OF CONFERENCE PROPERTY.—THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.

ON the 11th March, 1851, at half-past seven o'clock in the evening, a small company of professedly Christian men and women met together as they had been accustomed to meet from week to week. That evening a stranger was appointed to conduct the devotional service. This stranger was a tall man, with a placid countenance. Praise and prayer having been offered, the stranger took his seat.

We are now, Christian reader, in a Methodist class-meeting. The stranger is the leader to-night. He has a number of tickets with him. These tickets contain a mutilated portion of Scripture. They are simple pieces of paper enough, certainly, and yet they possess a potency and power, under certain circumstances, of which the uninitiated have little conception. Listen! the stranger has asked the brother whose name stands the first on the book:—

“Brother P., what is the state of your mind?”

It is usual on these occasions, while the answer to the question is being given, for the questioner to write down the name of the questioned; instead of that, the gentleman

to-night fumbles in his pocket-book for something; he pulls out a piece of folded paper printed on one side, unfolds it, then folds it up again, then unfolds it, and at last asks, as he spreads this piece of printed paper before the brother whose Christian experience he has been listening to—"Is this your name, brother?"

"Supposing it is my name?" was the response.

"Why then I can't give you a ticket."

Our readers may ask what was this piece of paper the stranger took out? It was a preacher's plan, put forth by Wesleyan Reformers, and this brother's name, now questioned by the stranger, appeared on the list of preachers, and because it was found there his ticket was withheld; and thus, after a membership of thirty-one years, was cut off from the Methodist Society, one who had been a local preacher twenty-five, and a leader thirteen years.

But the stranger did not stop at the first name. He proceeded in his work of excision, and some twelve others were cut off, not because they had committed the same offence as the leader, but because they thought fit to withhold their usual contributions. Among the number thus cut off was our worthy friend Henry Tyler. He never was a long or a loud talker, so, on this occasion, when his name was called over, and his ticket withheld, he uttered some short remark

expressive of his utter abhorrence of the conduct of the stranger, and of the system, too, which could justify such conduct.

We will say this of the stranger—that he did not do his work roughly, but having dipped his sword in oil, he proceeded to the work of cutting off heads smooth and clean, as though he was a practised hand; and at the end, when all was over, gave out the memorable lines:—

“Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne.”

When the stranger rose to leave the room, after his night's work, the leader said, “Now, Mr. R——, you have done your worst, I can furnish to those friends from whom you have withheld their tickets, a better ticket than the one you have withheld.” “Sit down, friends,” the leader continued, “I can give you a better ticket than the one which has been withheld.”

The stranger having departed, the leader and members took their seats, and the leader distributed to the unticketed members the quarterly ticket printed by the Wesleyan Reform Committee, which contained the following text of Scripture: “Now, I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences [contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned]; and avoid them.”—Rom. xvi. 17. C. Quarterly Ticket for March, 1851. The Conference authorities had most unwarrant-

ably mutilated this text by omitting from their ticket the words "Contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned," as bracketed above.

The class continued to meet after this in their old meeting-place for a short time; but one night, when they reached the place of meeting, they found the door locked against them. It was well for the class that the Wesleyan Reformers had opened a place of refuge; into that, therefore, they ran and were safe.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE POWER OF METHODIST PREACHERS.—THE CAUSE OF THIS POWER.—THE INFANT STATE OF SOCIETY.—MR. TYLER AT WESTON STREET. THIS SKETCH.

WHAT are we to say of the power possessed, and thus exercised by the Conference Methodist itinerant preacher. We can find no fitter term to express it by than that it is *Anti-Christian*. It is the usurpation by man of the rights which belong only to the Lord Jesus Christ. Some of the preachers have felt this when they have compared their claims to those warranted in the New Testament. "Manly," "Stewart," and others, have done this, and have withdrawn from the body rather than defile their consciences by upholding unscriptural claims.

It may be asked, "How is it that the old body still survives all the shocks it has had,

and lives and thrives?" We will frankly admit that there is much in the system of Methodism which is vitally good. Again, society has not advanced sufficiently to enable it to claim and exercise Christian rights. It is infantine and passive. It is not capable yet of self-government. It requires the strong hand to guide and rule. If Christian men so-called, were really men, and Christ's professed freemen really free, the Methodist preacher with his unscriptural pastoral pretensions would be hurled from his seat.

This has been the difficulty Wesleyan Reform has had to contend with—men who, having been accustomed to be led all their lives, have been thrown up and placed in positions of authority for which they were never fitted by nature, education or grace. Hence insubordination and misrule. The people, as a whole, have been thoroughly incapable of exercising in a proper spirit their unquestioned Christian rights. In Christian bodies, as in bodies politic, it must be—Educate! educate! educate!

Mr. Tyler being expelled from the spiritual home of his youth, took refuge, with others, in the place opened by the Wesleyan Reformers in New Weston Street. In fact, he became one of the three in whose name the place was taken; and from the first until his death, he filled the offices either of chapel, society, or poor steward, loved and respected by all.

THE sketch which we have given in the preceding pages is necessarily and designedly a sketch only. It is not unlikely that Mr. Tyler's religious friends may think that we have dwelt too much on the secular concerns of our subject, and too little upon his religious history. We can only say that he kept no diary of his religious experience; we had not a single letter or line of his in these matters to guide us. We have honestly and frankly sketched our subject as we found him. And we trust that those who knew him best will discover the leading features of the original. That he was a decidedly religious man there is no doubt, and this the discourse and character following will, we think, more fully show.

DEATH A SLEEP.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT NEW WESTON STREET CHAPEL, JANUARY 10TH, 1864, ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF MR. TYLER.

“And when he had said this he fell asleep.”—Acts vii. 60.

LUKE records, and he only, the intercessory prayer put up by Christ to His heavenly Father as he hung upon the cross: “Father forgive them for they know not what they do.” It was a prayer for his murderers. In the verse of which our text forms a part, we have Stephen echoing the prayer of his

Divine Master—it was a prayer for his murderers too: “Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.” “And when he had said this he fell asleep.”

We have selected this passage as it strikingly illustrates the end of our departed friend, Mr. Tyler. There is certainly a great difference in the circumstances in which these two persons fell asleep,—Stephen amidst a shower of stones and the most virulent persecutors—Mr. Tyler in the peace and quiet of his own chamber, and in the presence of his children: but there is a most remarkable oneness in the vision seen by the two men just before they fell asleep. Stephen said, “Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.” Mr. Tyler said, “Don’t you see? Glory, bright glory,” — “and when he had said this he fell asleep.”

Our text, as the foundation of this evening’s discourse, very naturally leads us to compare our late friend with his illustrious predecessor Stephen. Some people profess to be startled at the idea of presuming to compare any of the Christians of the present day with the Christians of the apostolic age; but why should we not? The model given in the sacred scriptures is Christ. “Let that mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.”

“Like thy spotless Master thou,
Filled with wisdom, love and power.”

Here is the Christian's model, all others are imperfect; however near some may come to the Great Model, they have all flaws, more or less; and we are to cease from man, and learn of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, in order to find rest to our souls.

In looking at Stephen and Henry Tyler we notice some points of contrast as well as agreement. Stephen appears to have stood high in the estimation of the early church, for when a murmuring arose respecting the neglecting of the Grecian widows in the daily ministration—seven men were chosen by the multitude of believers to relieve the apostles, who had heretofore distributed the funds of the church. The apostles requested the church to select seven men,—they were to be guided in their choice by the following marks: “Wherefore, brethren, look out from among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom.” Stephen was the first who was chosen—he was of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost, wisdom, faith and power.

There certainly appears something strange that Stephen should be elected to the office of an almoner merely, and we hear nothing of him in the performance of this duty; but he comes out immediately after his election as an able and eloquent defender of the Messiahship of Christ: he either had acquired or he was specially endued with a thorough knowledge of Jewish history, and he used this

knowledge with great effect when he stood before the Jewish rulers. Interruption in his narration only emboldens the zealous advocate, and we listen to his withering remarks as he declares, "Ye uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost; as your fathers did so do ye." Here is eloquence and boldness in this address of Stephen's, and we must candidly confess that in this respect he presents a perfect contrast to our late departed friend—Mr. Tyler never possessed the gift of delivering a lengthened address before friends or foes: although he had not Stephen's eloquence, he had some measure of his boldness—where principle was at stake he could be both firm and bold.

Stephen was full of the Holy Ghost. Yes, he possessed and exercised miraculous power. It can be said of few now that they are filled with the Holy Ghost. It can be said of none now that they possess the power of working miracles. We do not put in either of these claims on the behalf of our late friend; he did not stand on the lofty height reached by this first Christian martyr; but although Mr. Tyler was not full of the Holy Ghost in the sense in which Stephen was filled,—yet he possessed a measure—yes, we think, a large measure of the Spirit's influence. He had Stephen's faith, or he could not have been a Christian. Mr. Tyler's faith was not put to the same test as Stephen's; but then he was called to exercise it in another way. Stephen's

faith was faith for the occasion, and triumphantly it carried him through the short but sharp trial. Mr. Tyler's faith was faith for a lifetime, a long life too—amidst all its difficulties, trials and temptations; and as far as we know, and our knowledge of him dates back forty-two years—his faith in the great realities of the glorious gospel of the blessed God never failed; his was not the faith of the martyr who expires under the stones or at the stake, but the enduring, patient, plodding faith of every-day life. Stephen's faith realised a bright vision of glory amidst the shower of stones: "I see the heavens opened and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God," and our brother, after the meek and quiet exercise of faith for sixty years, was at the last cheered, like Stephen, by a sight of the eternal world, and was led to exclaim, "Don't you see? glory! bright glory!"

Stephen was full of power. He confronted his adversaries, and bore down upon them with his powerful logic; and the sacred historian states that—"They were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake," and they had only to oppose to his powerful arguments brute force,—“and they dragged him before the council.” But here again he is equally powerful. His facts and arguments can be met in no other way than by gnashing upon him with their teeth; and his judges, without waiting to pass sentence,

hurry him away to be stoned to death. But Stephen had divine power to carry him through, and gloriously to triumph over all.

Had Mr. Tyler this superhuman power given to him which Stephen had? Most unquestionably he had. But, as we have already observed, his was not the tongue of the eloquent and keen debater; yet, after all, there was a power in our friend's short and quiet remarks which went home to the heart and produced a lasting impression. We remember well, forty-one years ago this month, we were sitting in the class-meeting which was held on Tuesday evenings at his house opposite Chapel Place, Long Lane. We were then earnestly seeking a sense of the favour of God; and he said, by way of encouragement, "Well you know, my young brother, that it is by grace we are saved through faith, and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God." That was a word of power, and as we went home the words followed us,—*"by grace we are saved through faith;"* and it was not long after this, when God gave us to feel indeed that it was by grace we were saved through faith. Here again the power which our brother had was a life-power—a power to last for sixty years, and to lift up its possessor at the last to feel,—*"Though my heart and my flesh fail, God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever."*

We see the two characters partaking alike

of the same spiritual influences, exercising the same faith and strengthened by the same Spirit's might in their inner man.

Stephen, it will be remembered, was chosen to an office which appears to have been second only to the apostolic. He was chosen because of personal qualities and his choice gifts. He appears to have been a man who had drunk deep into his Master's spirit. Bold he is now when boldness is requisite, and yet what a loving and gentle spirit he has too. The mode of putting to death by stoning appears to have been as follows:—The victim was preceded to the place of execution by his accuser. His name, crime, &c., were announced. He was led up to an elevated place, and the witnesses, who appeared to be also the executioners, stripped the criminal, leaving only a small bandage around his middle. They bound his hands together, and then cast him down from the elevation upon a large stone placed below, and threw heavy stones upon him; and the bystanders if so minded, joined in the bloody work until the victim was killed. It scarcely appears that the usual forms were observed in the case of Stephen. He was hurried from the Council Chamber, and speedily attacked by an enraged mob. It is most likely that after the first volley of stones had been cast at him, that he rose, and kneeling upon his knees prayed for his murderers: "Lord lay not this sin to their charge; and having said this he fell asleep."

In this his last prayer we have an insight into the spirit of the man. He echoes the prayer we heard from the cross; the servant had fully imbibed the spirit of his Master. And had our late friend Mr. Tyler the same spirit as Stephen? We most unhesitatingly declare he had. A more inoffensive, kind, forgiving man we never knew. He positively seemed to be the friend of all, the enemy of none. There was no man more highly, yea more deservedly, esteemed than was Mr. Tyler. He had not the disposition nor the language to create or to perpetuate strife, and hence he was always found among the blessed of his Lord—"the peacemakers."

There was an official resemblance between Stephen and our late friend. Stephen was elected to attend to the poor: Mr. Tyler, in addition to his having been a leader and a steward at Southwark Chapel, has filled from the first here the position either of chapel, poor, or society steward, and was re-elected to this latter office by the church on the evening before he fell asleep on the following morning. Like Stephen he was intrusted with the alms of the church, of societies, and of individuals, to distribute to the poor. For many years before he died a gentleman put a certain sum into his hands to be distributed in half-crowns to poor widows at Christmas. No doubt Stephen was chosen because he possessed qualities of mind admirably fitting him for this work.

Our friend had exactly those qualities which fitted him for the work of an almoner, and how delicately he performed this work those best can tell whom he visited in their time of need. Not only was he an almoner but a constant giver, from the pence which he gave to street beggars, and the silver with which he supplemented from his own purse the gifts of others, and his name stands for a guinea on the last report of the Strangers' Friend Society.

"And when he had said this he fell asleep."

Sleep, we know, is that state of repose necessary for all animal existences. And not only for animal existence, but plants and flowers shut up their petals and cover the bud during the darkness of night, and only open out when the light of day shines upon them.

"See Hieracium's various tribe,
Of plummy reed and radiate flowers,
The course of Time their blooms describe,
And wake or sleep appointed hours.

Pale as a pensive cloistered nun,
The Bethlehem star her face unveils,
When o'er the mountain peers the sun,
But shades it from the vesper gales.

And thou, 'wee crimson-tipped flower,'
Gatherest thy fringed mantle round
Thy bosom at the closing hour,
When night-drops bathe the turfy ground."

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

The body can only endure a certain amount of toil without being recruited by sleep. It does not matter what the nature of the toil be, whether vigorous bodily exercise or whether it be the mere exercise of the brain or mental toil. In fact, strange as it may seem, this latter toil—brain-work—exhausts our physical strength sooner than hand-toil, and those who labor this way require more sleep than the bricklayer's labourer who carries the hod. This we know as it regards human beings—in their early and latter days they require more sleep than during the middle portion of their lives. In his labor and nights of watching, Jacob said: "My sleep departed from mine eyes." In quiet and repose the Psalmist sings his evening song, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for it is thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." And our poet calls sleep—

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer,
Balmy sleep."

But the sleep spoken of in the text is not the taking of rest in sleep, it is the last sleep of humanity—the sleep of death. The figure here employed by Luke is a very beautiful one, and though it was used by the Jews, and frequently employed by the sacred writers, to express this last great change, yet it was generally applied to good men. Paul speaks to the Corinthians of some who "had fallen asleep." And again, "If Christ

be not risen, then those that are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." He also reminds the Thessalonians, "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not as those which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him." Peter says, "Since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were," &c. Yes, the good

"Sleep in Jesus, and are blest,—
How calm their slumbers are."

When we think of the apparently tragic end of Stephen, it seems the very opposite of falling asleep. Here is the rage and tumult of his persecutors, his body crushed by the ponderous stones cast upon it, and yet the sacred historian tells us that after his prayer, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge,"—"He fell asleep." We must candidly confess that there is in our mind a strong tendency to the belief that Stephen's ending was a miraculous one. There was, as you will notice, such a striking similarity between the prayer and the departure of Stephen, and the prayer and the departure of his Divine Master. We know what Christ said during his life—"No man taketh my life from me; I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." And it is admitted on all hands that he died on the cross, not from ex-

haustion, but when he thought proper, then he "dismissed his spirit." "He had power to lay down his life," as he told his disciples, and on the morn of the resurrection he proved he had power to take it again. As our good friend Morris used to say, "It was not the nails that held my Saviour to the cross; it was his love for me!" Is there anything unlikely that before the stones crushed the life out of this first martyr, that his Lord came down and released his spirit, and he really fell asleep quietly and gently in the arms of Jesus.

Let us look at the case of our late friend. He was with us here worshipping on the Sunday morning before his death. The last sermon that he listened to was from our brother Stiles, on the prophet's prayer, "O Lord, revive thy work." And may that prayer be gloriously answered in the revival of God's work; and although our friend Tyler sleepeth, may there be a voice come forth from his grave, and sound in the ears of those who are now asleep in sin. "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." On the Monday, we are informed, he was poorly when he left his bed, but went out afterwards about his usual business, but it was with difficulty that he reached his home. The next morning he attempted to rise—in fact, did get out of his bed; but the day had come predicted by the wise man, "When the

keepers of the house did tremble, and the strong men bowed themselves." His feet and legs, which had carried his body for eighty years, and borne him on many an errand of mercy, refused to perform that office any longer, and he sunk helpless on the floor. His grand-daughter, who happened to be the only person in the house just then, had a hard task to help him again into bed. The doctor came. "It was the breaking up of the system," he said; but observed to Mr. Tyler, "you are all right for the other world?" "Oh, yes," was the ready rejoinder. He did not say much during the time he lay, and what he did attempt to say was lost to the listeners in great part from a difficulty in articulation. In his case there was a literal fulfilment of what he had said to a friend and relative a short time before; speaking of a swimming he had in the head, "Ah," he said, "it is a notice to quit; but my Heavenly Father is dealing very gently with me. He is taking down my tabernacle, brick by brick." Yes, the main pillars upon which the house was built, as brick after brick had been taken away for some time, failed altogether on the Monday, and although the ruins held together for a short time after, yet it was evident that no earthly prop could be brought effectually to sustain it. On the Thursday morning his eldest son and only daughter being in the room, his daughter moistened his lips with a

little beef-tea, and just left the head of the bed to place the basin on the table at the foot, when on turning to look at him, his eyelids fell. And having received this last sip of earthly food from the hand of affection in the person of his only daughter, "He fell asleep," Thursday, Dec. 24, 1863, to wake up to eat of angel's food, and to drink the new wine of the kingdom with a waiting wife and nine children who had gone before him to heaven.

If we throw our attention back some 1800 years, we see a funeral procession leaving the city of Jerusalem. They are Christian men who are bearing the corse,—that corse is the shattered, broken body of the martyred Stephen; for the historian states, "And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." Stephen has fallen asleep amid a shower of stones, and his pious friends are laying him to rest,—it may be in the sepulchre of the rich Joseph, of Arimathea, from which his beloved Lord rose triumphant but a short time before.

If we recal our attention and only look back to the last day of 1863, we see a second funeral procession proceeding to a burying place for the people of South London. They are bearing to his last resting place the body of a father; indeed our father—one of the fathers of this church. He is laid asleep amidst the tears and regrets of his children and friends.

How beautiful and consolatory is the thought conveyed to our minds by the text, "He fell asleep." "Stephen fell asleep;" our father Tyler has fallen asleep. The body of the first martyr possibly still sleeps amid the ruins of Jerusalem;—we know our friend sleeps under the trees and shrubs of Nunhead, and shortly the flowers will bloom over his grave.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the wintry sky,
No more disturbs the deep repose:
Than summer ev'ning's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
And, while the mould'ring ashes sleep
Low in the ground,—

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heav'n's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day!

The death of the good man is a sleep; yes, he sleeps in the grave till the morn of the resurrection. What a glorious constellation of truths is there in our Christianity. Angels press into the circle when Stephen is stoned, to bear his soul to heaven and seat him on the martyr's throne. It is not enough that his own family watch beside the bed of our late friend Tyler; there are

angelic watchers as well, waiting to lay the body to sleep, and then leave it to the care of relatives while they take charge of the soul and lay it to rest in Abraham's bosom. This is one great truth which our Christianity unfolds, that when the body sleeps in death the soul is carried by the angels to the paradise of God.

“They come on the wings of the morning, they come,
To convey the stranger in peace to his home;
The pilgrim to waft from this stormy abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.”

But this is not all that our Christianity accomplishes—the salvation of the soul, although this is great and glorious—it saves the body also. It was a great and glorious truth which the Saviour uttered, beyond the temporary resurrection of Lazarus, “Thy brother shall rise again.” Yes, children, “your father shall rise again!” Yes, Weston St. Church, “your faithful brother shall rise again!” Yes, we who are members of the class he so regularly attended, believe that our class-mate shall rise again. Yes, widows, orphans, poor and strangers—the strangers' friend shall rise again! His weeping family have only laid his body to sleep for a night—the morn of awakening will soon dawn again.

We are by no means certain that there is an absolute necessity that the body should slumber in the grave for thousands of years.

At any rate there are facts to the contrary: when Nature was convulsed at the death of the Saviour, it is stated, "And the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city and appeared unto many." (Matt. xxvii. 52-53.) These were the first fruits of his resurrection. These saints entered into the full fruition of glory, having put on their glorious resurrection bodies. The beautiful thought which our text conveys, "Death a Sleep," certainly teaches that the state is only temporary. And our Lord, who has used the term, it is not too much to think, evidently intended to put this meaning on it: "Our friend Lazarus *sleepeth*." "I go that I may awake him out of his *sleep*." "The maid is not dead but *sleepeth*." We cannot help indulging the opinion that useful holy men are not kept from their perfect state till the final consummation of all things. If there have been exceptions in the case of Enoch and Elijah, and those saints who rose after the resurrection of Christ, is it not very likely that Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Moses, and others, may have reached the perfection of bliss by having put on their resurrection bodies? If there be no law forbidding it, how do we know but that from time to time many bodies of the saints have and still may rise and join their risen Lord? And if this is possible, why may not

our late friend be among that happy number? Be this as it may, we know, as it respects our late brother, from the life he lived, from the glimpse he got of the future, when he asked, "Don't you see? glory—bright—glory," that his soul lives and lives in glory; for

"They are not dead—whose ashes fill
That melancholy house of clay :
They are not dead ;
"They live in brighter glory still
Than ever cheer'd their earthly way :
Full beaming round their head."

CHARACTERISTICS.

EVERY man has distinguishing characteristics, and religion does not obliterate the features of our natural character. It is true that religion tends to check the evil and brings out the good. There are the bold and the timid, the forward and the retiring, the lofty and the lowly : but were we called to sum up in one word the character of our late friend, we should say he was a *modest man*. There was no bounce and boast about him—he never came forward to tell what he had done, or what he could do ; there was an entire absence of all egotism. But without seeking it, this very quality tended to raise him in the estimation of all classes of men ; thus proving the truth of the declaration of

Holy Writ, "Before honour is humility," and "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Bordering on excellencies there are sometimes defects,—it is a great point gained, however, when we know this. The confident man thinks he can do anything, the modest and diffident is likely to think he can do nothing,—that everything is likely to go down. Our late friend seemed quite sensible of the tendency of his mind to look, as he used to say, "at the dark side of things." For instance, his heart, we believe, was thoroughly bound up in the interest of the Weston Street Church, and when things looked dark he would give expression to his fears; for instance, meeting one of the female friends connected with this place on one such occasion, he said,

"Things are looking very dark, sister."

"Never mind, Mr. Tyler, they will look brighter by and by."

"Well, I don't see my way clear; and then you know, child, Philip and I are responsible."

"O, don't be concerned, Mr. Tyler; Philip says there is plenty of property to pay all demands."

"Yes, yes, child, but then we don't want to touch the invested money."

Then again, when things looked brighter and friends came forward, and supplies reached us from unexpected quarters, we used jocosely to ask, "Well, Mr. Tyler, where is your faith?" He would rejoice and

say, "Well, well, it is wonderful, I must say."

We have already touched upon his peaceable disposition, which indeed was a most prominent feature of his character. Although he dissented from the polity of Methodism, we never heard him indulge in tirades against the preachers or the body of Methodists. We believe he was held in high esteem by all his old friends in the Old Body. Although in our opinion, it was a matter to be regretted, yet when Kent Road School returned to Southwark Chapel, and a new Committee was formed, it was said, "O, we must keep our old friend Tyler on;" and it was singular that the last work he did in the Church was to attend that Committee a few days before his death. We all know, who were acquainted with him here, what a loving and peaceable spirit he had; there are very few of us have so lived as not to give or take offence; but really if there ever was a man of this stamp, Mr. Tyler was that man.

We believe him to have been an upright and honest man, acting out the golden rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them." And while we have huge swindles and swindlers under the garb of a Christian profession, or those meaner cheats who get into debt without making efforts to pay, it is something to have had amongst us a man who had the utmost abhorrence of everything of the kind.

Since the establishment of our cause here, the supply for this pulpit has been drawn from the ranks of local preachers. In fact, from this class only was this church supplied for several years, and even now six out of seven who occupy the pulpit are local preachers. This body of men, peculiar and even necessary to Methodism, has had many difficulties to struggle with. There are in the minds of many objections to laymen preaching, let them be ever so devoted and talented. Wesleyan Reform has given, it is true, a stern rebuke to this Miss Nancyism. It must be admitted that many of us are very far from being what we ought to be as public instructors. The local preachers, however, always had a firm and a consistent friend and advocate in Mr. Tyler. When complainers have whined forth their complaints, we have heard our friend say, "Well, I don't know what you want, we have wonderful men, I am sure; I am surprised the men do as well as they do: for my part, I never heard better sermons than I have heard in this place." Many commendations he has given during the last twelve years, but we never heard him utter a single complaint against a single sermon or preacher.

Some one may say, "You are just doing what all modern biographers do, clothing your subject with all imaginable excellencies and covering all his defects." Well, friend, just you uncover them, and let us see them.

“Well, don’t you think he was close and mean and selfish?” We will meet your inquiry, which we suppose is intended as a charge. We suppose you mean by “close,” that he would not spend anything more than was necessary. Well, we believe this. But then this was what John Wesley did; he says, “I save all I can:” so that he was a true son of Wesley in this respect. This won’t stand. He was “*mean*,”—this is a very flexible word. You put your meaning upon it—we put ours. Some persons get up splendid entertainments for their friends—sometimes, too, at the expense of their creditors—because they would not be mean. We think it is mean to do so: we will give you our idea of meanness. We once had the duty imposed on us of taking round the plate at a collection: we came to a gentleman and lady whose dresses and adornments of broad cloth, silks and satins, with gold chains and watches, could not be worth less than £50, and they managed to give between them one fourpenny piece. Those are the mean people in our estimation, who clothe themselves in rich dresses with gold chains about their necks and gold rings on their fingers, and who fare sumptuously every day, but who give little or nothing to the benevolent, religious, or philanthropic objects of the day. But our late worthy brother was a constant, and, according to his means and the claims of his family, a liberal giver, and stood

at the utmost distance from being *mean*. "He was selfish." Was he? Was that a proof of selfishness when he went forth to collect children sixty years ago, to form the Sunday School in Crosby Row? Was he selfish when he left his own comfortable fire-side to face the frost and snow, to attend a prayer-meeting week after week on Walworth Common? and which led ultimately to the erection of the Methodist Chapel in the Walworth Road. Was he selfish when he risked his own health and life for fifty years to visit the sick and the dying—exposed as he would be to all kinds of infectious disorders? Was he selfish when for twelve years he was constantly at his post here as a steward? Don't put selfishness and our generous friend Henry Tyler together, for they won't fit.

We have one more thing to notice,—the religious feature of Mr. Tyler's character. There was certainly nothing very demonstrative about his religion: there was not the smallest approach to parade,—his, of all good men we ever knew, was unobtrusive piety. Our first introduction to him was at his class-meeting, held on the Sunday afternoon, October 21st, 1821, at 42, Elim Street. His was a type of religion very much to our mind; and of course meeting in his class for about seven years, our character in this respect partook in a great measure of our leader's type. There was a remarkable

evenness in his religious experience—no extacies, nor any deep depressions. He always expressed himself in class with great modesty and humility : as we stood to each other during our religious life in the double character of member and leader, we can say, as a leader, he was at the furthest remove from dogmatic. He was in fact, a leader, not a driver, he—

“ Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.”

As a member he was constant, his attendance was the most constant of any member during the past year. On the memorable 10th of March, at the marriage of the Prince of Wales, when all London had become demented, we two met at the chapel door ; but the chapel keeper did not come to open the place, having understood that we should all go to see the illumination. “ Well, brother,” we said, “ we are present anyhow, although we cannot get in, and the book shall be marked accordingly.” On the 1st of December, after the class-meeting, we observed, “ Brother Tyler, what classes have you to meet this quarter ? ” “ O”, he said, “ it is out of the question.” The fact was, he was appointed to meet our class the next Tuesday night for tickets: although he had met several other classes during the last twelve years for that purpose, yet he had not met ours. “ We shall hold you to it ; shan’t we, friends ? ” we remarked to the other members. “ Mr.

Tyler is appointed to meet us for tickets next week, and he has never been appointed before, and we may never have the opportunity again." The 8th, when we met, Mr. Tyler was present as usual. "Now," he said, "you had better do it." "No, you are the leader to-night; there is the chair. I will write the names and take the contributions." He did lead us, and very suitable the remarks were that he made on the occasion. The next night, the 15th, he was present again; he intimated that he should like to leave early, as he wanted to attend a Committee. He was spoken to first, and we observed, "Mr. Tyler wishes to go to attend a Committee." "Yes, friends," he said, rising and taking his hat and stick, "you will excuse me; good night." And these were his last words to his class. He left us never more to return.

Yes, Weston Street church, and the Fourth London Circuit, our friend is gone! No more will he cheer us with his smile, or charm us with his song. He is gone. But who is there of the sons of Free Methodism who is willing to come and fill his place? Yes, the battle is fought, the victory is gained, and the victor is crowned, but a standard-bearer has fallen. Who is there that is willing to put on the veteran warrior's armour, and to carry the standard which has fallen from his hand? Yes, the race is run, the glorious Christian race of sixty years. Who is there

that is willing to-night to start in that race? Could you see the Christian racer claiming the prize—the faithful servant welcomed by his Master with “Well done;” and the conquering hero greeted by his conquering Lord before the angels and archangels, with “To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am sat down with my Father on His throne”—surely it would stimulate you to emulate him.

We have one word more to say, before we close. There are here to-night those who sustained the nearest earthly relation to our departed friend—his children and grandchildren. Your father and mother, and some of your brothers and sisters, have met in their Father’s house above. How is it to be? Are you to meet again or are you not? It is not for us to determine on your future destiny; that is a right belonging only to the great Judge of all. But really we should like, when the sleep of death shall fall upon us, and we wake up in the world above, that our good friend may greet us with the happy intelligence that his children, Henry, John, and Maria, whom he left in the world below, had joined their brothers and sisters, and that the recording angel had written down in the book of life—“The whole family in heaven.” But here is the third generation present to-night. You are young and full of hope: well, we rejoice with you. And you all

venerated your grandfather. Some of you have decided for God, but there are others who have not. The Church of Christ has lost one of its standard-bearers. This church and the Strangers' Friend Society have lost one of their most devoted labourers. "Which of you will consecrate your service this day unto the Lord."

In a word, let us all copy our late friend's excellencies, imbibe his spirit, emulate his untiring zeal; and this will not be a final meeting when we separate to-night, for—

"Soon shall we meet again,
Meet, ne'er to sever;
Soon shall peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever.
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close,
Never; no, never."

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

WHEN a good and useful man passes away, there is one example less for those who remain to follow. Mr. Tyler outlived most of his contemporaries in this circuit, with whom he started in the Christian course. We have one, however, still lingering with us, who, like the subject of this sketch, was expelled from Conference Methodism, but who lives to do honour to, and as God has given him ability, to serve Free Methodism. Although the snows of eighty-four winters have whitened his head, and the wife of his youth and some of his family have gone on before

him, our friend yet lives to serve his generation by the will of God.

The grave, when it closes upon what is of the earth earthy, utters a voice to which we should all listen. It calls us who survive to look at the past lives of the good, for—

“Lives of good men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.”

Mr. Tyler left the imprint of his feet on the sand before he entered into the glorious harbour of rest. What are we doing? It is not enough that we honour the fathers; we must tread in their steps. How unworthy the main pursuit of immortal beings are the things of this world must ultimately appear when we see as we are seen, and know as we are known. We have sometimes thought, we wonder what angels think of intelligent immortal man, when they watch his deep anxiety, and his head and heart pursuit of the things of earth only.

We do not happen to belong to such as despise this world and the laudable and lawful pursuits of it. But our reason and our consciences tell us, as well as the Word of God, that this world and all it contains, its noblest pursuits, its highest honour, and its richest enjoyments, are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

We have seen in the life of Mr. Tyler the

advantages of early religious associations, when in early life he took up his residence with Aunt Green, and was brought also into connection with Uncle Unwin. These associations were beneficial to the motherless lad, and gave a turn to his after-life and character. The young should be careful as it respects the company they keep. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise."

To live for a purpose, to live for a high purpose, to live for the highest purpose should be the aim and ambition of every intelligent mind ; and he does that who lives to glorify God, and to benefit his fellow-men. The subject of this sketch lived for a purpose. Next to the salvation of his own soul he lived and laboured for sixty years to do good to the bodies and the souls of his fellow-men. If there be one feature of his character which strikes us more forcibly than any other on looking back on his whole life, it is this—his indomitable perseverance, without flagging or tiring in his labours of love, through the lengthened period of sixty years.

We said the grave utters a voice, but there is a voice from heaven, saying—"Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13.

